

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says:

"I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. Today, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART

Where No Thought of Sordid Business Mares the Value of the Scenery.

A \$75,000 automobile rolled through the \$100,000 bronze gate and up the \$250,000 winding avenue to the \$25,000 marble steps, relates the Newark News.

Descending from the machine, the billionaire paused a moment to view the smiling \$500,000 landscape.

Across the \$500,000 lawn, a \$125,000 silver lake lay sleeping in the shadow of early evening, and beyond it rose a lonely \$80,000 hill, whose crest, checked with forest at an expense of \$200,000, gleamed in the last golden rays of the setting sun.

The billionaire sank luxuriously into a \$2,000 ivory porch chair and rested his feet on the renewed railing of the \$100,000 veranda.

"It is pleasant," he observed, "to get back to nature even in a world. After the care and worries of the business day, I certainly love to run out to this quiet little \$500,000 country club of ours and taste a bit of simple life. It is good to keep in touch with the soil; for what is man but dust, after all!"

Feeling restored, he passed in through the \$100,000 doorway to his \$1,500 dinner.

So Homelike.

Some one said to Brother Williams: "They have a balloon, fad now, and you can go up and cool off in the clouds."

"Yes, sah," he replied. "En dar's so much thunder on lightning up dar, I reckon lots er 'em will feel lak' dey wuz right at home—'specially de married folks!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Surprise All Around.

Miss Markins—Where is Mr. Cash-leigh now?

Mr. Watkins—I don't know exactly. Somewhere up in Canada.

"Why, I didn't know that he was going away!"

"The bank directors didn't, either."

—Somerville Journal.

At the Dinner Party.

Mrs. Henpeck (to herself)—Look at my husband over there, disgracing us with his frightful manners! If I had that back on table etiquette here now I'd throw it in his face!—Family Journal.

No Pretense.

"So you want to work?"

"Please don't misunderstand me. I don't want to work, but I've got to."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

BREAD DYSPEPSIA.

The Digesting Element Left Out.

Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines.

This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation and all sorts of trouble exist when we go so contrary to nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food, knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food therefore is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental health.

"There's a reason."

O soldier, dear, we weep for thee.
For those long years of bitter woes.
And bear away in this white rose
Something of God's great charity

—ARVET E. MITCHELL

AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS

A VISIT TO THE RUINS OF A FORT CAPTURED IN 1864

BY G. E. S. WEEDEN

What sublime quietness!

Can it be possible that here—these memories, boundless deep, which sweep across me like a surging flood, merely the torturing dreams of a fevered brain?

But no. All around me are abundant proofs. The outline of the old fort is still visible, and in fact I wonder that time has wrought so little change. I now recognize many familiar objects. The then solitary tree is still standing, but a wound made in its trunk by a vicious shell has never healed, and is now hastening its decay.

Yonder, half way down the slope, nearly buried in earth, I also discern a huge, shapeless mass of iron. Dumb witness of a bloody past, it is all that remains of a monster gun whose voice made the trees tremble. In the last hour of horror, overworked, triple charged, it exploded, hurling a score of men into eternity.

This memory, then, is no mere dream. This panorama of peace before me has a dark background of graves.

Through yonder field of waving corn, from the mile-distant wood, with pick and shovel, with ditch and trench, inch by inch, we worked our tedious, tortuous way. Day and night we were doomed by the messengers of death. Each step was gained at the price of some brave life. Yet the work was pushed steadily on. We were there to die, to endure, but not to fail.

In a nation's redemption struggle men can afford to die, but cannot afford to be found wanting. When a comrade fell wounded, we cared for him with such kindness as the circumstances permitted. If he was killed, wrapped in his blanket we buried him, while with the rough sleeve of a soldier's coat we wiped the tears away—and pushed ever onward.

As I gaze spellbound, I wonder—I can never cease to wonder—that we did not fail. It required men with nerves of steel and hearts of oak, reinforced by the inspiration that back of us was our country, and above was God. It required these, and all these, to make victory possible.

For there, in the fort, before us, were Americans, and none but Americans could have taken it. Our foes were never tired, their vigilance never relaxed, their courage was sublime. And while we believed them entirely and eternally wrong, they fought as it is only possible for men to fight

to the absent; a moment to exchange with a comrade, so that the survivor might forward the message to those loved ones; an instant to breathe a whispered prayer through moving lips, just loud enough to be heard in Heaven—when boom—boom—boom—the solemn voice spoke out, and with a shout which made the earth tremble, we leaped from the obscuring ditch, and the harvest of death began.

Paralyzed for an instant, but only an instant, the enemy opened their guns with consummate fury. Our artillery, too, recently placed in position under the mantle of darkness and enshrouded by brush, replied with even fiercer violence. Thus, with the air about us full of screaming missiles and sulphurous smoke, blinded and sometimes even covered by the debris thrown over us from the furrows plowed by shells, we forged forward. Some began to chop down the stakes, while others aimed at the gunners.

The range was close—we were veterans—nearly every shot brought down a victim and silenced a gun. Their riflemen, too, were soon so weakened by loss that they could not check our advance until we reached the great ditch which surrounded the fort. Here, besides every other conceivable obstruction, it was planted thick with torpedoes; but although it were the voracious jaws of death, there could be no faltering now—into it we leaped with a shout.

Although beyond the range of the guns, we now became the victims of the fuses of shells hurled upon us from above. But still, over the dead bodies of the slain, we pushed forward to the opposite bank. Here, halting but a moment under the slight protection to recover our spent vigor, with another shout outyelling the misdeeds of war, we flung ourselves at the parapet. The attempted seemed impossible, but with such men nothing is impossible. Over the obstructions, up the steep and difficult ascent; regardless of bursting shells and hissing bullets; in utter defiance of the enemy who now thronged the slopes, until hurling our foes headlong with our bayonets, we leaped into the fort.

On that very parapet before me, within this deserted space, shaded now by vernal and silent growths, that scene of hell-born carnage was enacted.

But this was of short duration. Our reinforcements were pouring into the fort like a mighty flood—the enemy



It Was Forty-Two Years Ago.

who believe they are entirely and eternally right.

At last the point was reached where the work must be completed by an act of extreme desperation—we must charge the fort.

Between the trench in which we were concealed and the coveted prize was a space of about 500 feet, filled with every sort of obstruction which cunning, desperate men could devise. In part this consisted of stout stakes driven firmly into the ground at an angle pointing towards us, and sharpened. These were so thick and close that we could not pass between them, and were too strong to be easily broken. If there was a spot anywhere affording the least protection from the leaden storm it was planted thick with torpedoes. It was through and over such obstructions that we must force our way while the guns of the fort would be flashing on us floods of death.

The signal was to be three guns fired from a battery near the center of our line, at an interval of half a minute each. To deceive the enemy, precisely the same signal had been fired at noon for three preceding days.

A moment, when the word was received, to hastily scribble upon the scrap of pocket diary the last word

hopelessly overpowered, at last surrendered.

The fury of rejoicing which followed rivaled that of the charge. The struggle had been so long and desperate, the victory was so complete (not a single one of the foe escaping) that men lost all self-control, and some in a frenzy of joy even hugged each other and cried like women.

But the vanquished—God pity them. The ground was strewn thick with their dead and dying, with pools of blood, with fragments of rent and scattered bodies. Some of their guns were literally covered with the shattered remains of the poor victims who had perished in handling them.

Amid the stifling stench of human gore, the survivors stood, some huddled in little groups, dumb with terror; some upright, facing us in cool defiance; others, blackened by smoke, bareheaded, half naked, were on their knees in prayer.

And this is war!

It was 42 years ago. Yet I instinctively listen, imagining I must still hear the roar of that conflict, or at least its echo—but no, the midday bears no cadence save the sibilant murmur of the zephyr whispering—Peace.

CANNON'S TARIFF VIEWS.

The Speaker Believes That Tariff Reform Cannot Be Prevented.

Whether Speaker Cannon is a convert to tariff reform only for campaign purposes, or whether he has really experienced a change of heart we do not know. But it is certain that he is beginning to feel the pressure. For W. E. Wells, president of the United States Pottery association, has received a letter from the speaker in which he says:

"I am satisfied that there will be no tariff revision this congress, but it goes without saying that the desire for a change which exists in the country mind will drive the Republican party, if continued in power, to a tariff revision. I do not want it, but it will come in the not distant future."

Of course, says the Indianapolis News (and this is merely an expression of belief that the reform can not be prevented). The speaker does not please himself to it—much less does he attempt to pledge his party. It looks very much as though he were trying to eliminate the tariff from the congressional campaign by making it appear that a Republican victory can not stop revision. "If continued in power," he says, "the party will be driven to tariff revision. This is as much as to say that a vote for a Republican candidate will not be a vote against tariff revision, for that is bound to come."

Yet we believe that this declaration of Mr. Cannon means something more than this. He must know how strong the pressure is for action on the tariff, and how determined the Republican revisioners are. For the pressure is exerted directly against him and his rules committee, and it is to him that the Republican revisioners have appealed over and over again. The speaker is a man of ability and shrewdness. Probably there is no one at Washington more skilled in reading the public will. He knows what the people are thinking about, and he is interested in interpreting their wishes correctly. So we conclude that this letter indicates that the speaker has made up his mind that the stand-patters will have to give way "in the not distant future" will have to submit to the will of the people. As the speaker is the leader of the stand-patters his words will have great weight.

Only a few days ago the Hon. Fred Landis told us that the tariff really never could be reformed, because we never could have a perfect tariff, and also because when we got the new one conditions would have changed so as to make it practically obsolete the very moment it went into effect. After our representative had taken this Ajax-like stand in behalf of the inflexibility of Dingelshiem, it was most cruel in the speaker to make the declaration that the tariff would have to be revised "in the not distant future." The speaker is right. Present conditions can not continue permanently. We shall have to lower our tariff wall very considerably. Free raw materials our manufacturers must have. Our farmers must have wider markets and a better chance in the markets they now have.

But the important thing is that we now have the first break in the stand-patter forces. And the break is at the very head of the column. The people should continue to apply the pressure, and to apply it the more strongly as the opposition seems to yield. Mr. Cannon admits that he has been forced into his present position. Speaking of the reform he says: "I do not want it, but it will come in the not distant future." He is no more of a tariff reformer than he ever was. He simply gets in line.

Notes and Opinions.

Democrats are getting together on the good old principles laid down by Jefferson, and are united on the Jackson and Tilden war cries of "re-trenchment and reform" and "turn the rascals out."

The Republican bosses, who have been somewhat staggered by the jolt the people have lately given them, are appearing in the garb of reformers, so as to get their feet in the trough again.

The threat of the coal trust magnates that, if the people persist in favoring the miners, the price of coal will be pushed up \$1.20 a ton, has but little effect now warm weather has come.

The southern cotton planters, entirely unprotected by the tariff, are quite prosperous and are organizing to protect themselves from the protected monopolists. How do the Republican stand-patters explain this prosperity of the unprotected?

It may surprise some people to know that Uncle Sam has gone into cement manufacturing in Arizona, to protect himself from the cement combine, and is turning out hundreds of barrels daily at a cost far below the market price. And yet congress refuses to revise the tariff, the tax on cement being 20 per cent., and even refuses to abate the tax to the suffering people of San Francisco.

When President Castro pays his promised visit to the United States he may be sure of a warm reception at the office of the asphalt trust.

Postmaster General Cortelyou told the senate committee on post offices and post roads that the department had not recommended the granting of railroad mail subsidy, but that "no objection had been raised against it." Cortelyou evidently believes it good policy not to oppose the railroad in their graft, or he might not find it easy to collect campaign funds from the corporations for the next national election.

Locating the Blame.

"My dear," said the trusting wife, "I don't think your rules of economy are any good."

"You don't?" asked the fond husband.

"No," she replied, bending anew over the column of figures in her beautifully bound expense book. "You told me the way to save money was not to buy things—that thus we would save the amount the goods would have cost us. So I have been careful to set down the exact price of everything I have wanted to buy but felt I could not afford. I find, in adding it up, it amounts to \$335, but I only have \$4.37 in cash on hand. There must be something wrong with your theory."—Stray Stories.

To Cuba, Every Friday, the Havana Limited.

A swell Pullman train of dining car, club car with smoking room, barber shop and bath room, with barber and valet in attendance, stateroom, drawing room and observation sleeping cars, leaves St. Louis at 9:45 P. M. via the Mobile and Ohio R. R., and arrives at the steamship docks at Mobile at 3:00 P. M. Saturdays. On arrival of the Havana Limited, the palatial metecamp, twin-screw S. S. "Prince George" sails, and passes into the harbor of Havana at sunrise Mondays.

Returning, the S. S. "Prince George" sails from Havana at 5:00 P. M. Wednesdays, arriving at Mobile at daylight Fridays, and the Havana Limited leaves the steamship docks at 9:00 A. M. and arrives at St. Louis Saturday mornings. A delightful week's outing—inexpensive and full of interest. Low rate excursion tickets good for six months. Call on your home Agent or write Jno. M. Beall, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

Followed Instructions.

A lady going from home for the day, says a writer in the New York World, looked everything up carefully, and for the grocer's benefit left a card on the back door.

"All out. Don't leave anything," it read.

On her return she found her home ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added: "Thanks. We haven't left much."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it swells and shuts off the hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Sold by Druggists. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Where the Fault Lay.

Doctor—Have you any idea how you caught this terrible cold?

Patient—I think it was my cloak.

"Too thin, eh?"

"No; it was a last winter one and I didn't care to wear it."—Illustrated Bits.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, regulates the digestive organs, brings good health.

Light-weight men always think they are heavy-weight thinkers.

Women in Our Hospitals

Appalling Increases in the Number of Operations Performed Each Year—How Women May Avoid Them.



Miss Ruby Mushrush



Mrs. Alice Berryhill

Going through the hospitals in our large cities one is surprised to find such a large proportion of the patients lying on those snow-white beds women and girls, who are either awaiting or recovering from serious operations.

Why should this be the case? Simply because they have neglected themselves. Female troubles are certainly on the increase among the women of this country—they creep upon them unawares, but every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain in the left or right of the abdomen, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, dizziness, flatulency, displacements of the organs or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female organs, and if not heeded the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation. When these symptoms manifest themselves, do not drag along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an operation—but remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from surgical operations.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

The following letters cannot fail to bring hope to despairing women.

Miss Ruby Mushrush, of East Chicago, Ind., writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have been a great sufferer with irregular periods and female trouble, and about three months ago the doctor, after using the X-ray on me, said I had an abscess and would have to have an operation. My mother wanted me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a last resort, and it not only saved me from an operation but made me entirely well."

Mrs. Alice Berryhill, of 313 Boyce Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Three years ago life looked dark to me. I had ulceration and inflammation of the female organs and was in a serious condition. My health was completely broken down and the doctor told me that if I was not operated upon I would die within six months. I told him I would have no operation but would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. He tried to influence me against it but I sent for the medicine that same day and began to use it faithfully. Within five days I felt relief but was not entirely cured until I used it for some time."

"Your medicine is certainly fine. I have induced several friends and neighbors to take it and I know more than a dozen who had female troubles and who to-day are as well and strong as I am from using your Vegetable Compound."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice and medicine have restored thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES.

Inducements Held Out by Western Canada Are Powerful.

A recent number of the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press contains an excellent article on the prospects in Western Canada, a portion of which we are pleased to reproduce.

The agents of the Canadian Government, located at different centres in the States, will be pleased to give any further information as to rates, and how to reach these lands.

"Just now there is a keener interest than ever before on the part of the outside world, in regard to the claims of the Canadian West as a field of settlement. At no previous time has there been such a rush of immigration, and the amount of information distributed broadcast is unprecedentedly great."

"In the majority of the States of the Union and in Great Britain the opportunities for home-making and achieving of even a modest competence are at the best limited. Moreover, according to the social and industrial conditions prevalent in those communities, the future holds out no promise of better things. It is not strange, then, that energetic young men should turn their eyes to Canada's great wheat belt, where every man can pursue fortune without the hindrance of any discouraging handicaps."

"The inducements held out by Western Canada are powerful and made manifest by the great movement now in progress. That the prospects are considerably more than reasonably certain is borne out by the history of the country and its residents. The promise of gain is powerful, but when added to it there is the prospect of a corresponding social and civil elevation. It should prove irresistible to young men of a particularly desirable class for any new country."

"The Canadian West is alive with opportunities for the young man who aims at becoming more than a mere atom in the civil and national fabric. Some of the eager young fellows who arrive on the prairies daily are destined to become more than merely prosperous farmers. In the near future great municipal and provincial development will be in the hands of the people. The stepping stone to both financial prosperity and civil prominence is, and will be, the farm. For every professional opening there are hundreds of agricultural openings. The Canadian prairies are teeming with opportunities for the honest and industrious of all classes, but they are especially inviting to the ambitious young man who seeks a field for the energy and ability which he feels inherent within him. The familiar cry of 'Back to the soil!' is more than a vain sounding phrase when applied to Western Canada."

Some people think that first-class piety is simply a feeling of pity for the third-class passenger on the glory train.

Allen's Foot-Ease

A Certain Cure for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet.

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

This signature

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